

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

No. 7.

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New-York....Saturday, December 12....1807.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

(Continued from page 84.)

REGINALD remained in his cell a prey to the most heart-rending apprehensions; rage, despair, and mortification alternately distracted his mind, yet he still determined on giving a positive denial to the persuasions of Fernando, even though the idea of his beloved Rosa's being the victim, wrought his mind to a state of phrenzy. Could he have seen her, he would have readily plunged a sword into her bosom, rather than have left her exposed to the indignities which he well knew awaited her, but as that was impossible, he could only pray that heaven would inspire her with fortitude, and protect her innocence. Several hours elapsed in this state of mental anguish, when his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the old woman: he eagerly enquired for Rosa. The woman surveyed him with scrutinizing attention.—'She is well, signor; but pray may I know if she is related to you?' 'Your question is impertinent;' replied Reginald, turning from her.

'Nay, signor, be not displeased; I may have more friendly intentions than you imagine.' Reginald was surprized; a gleam of hope enlivened his heart. He regarded the old woman with an anxious air, and her countenance fell beneath his scrutiny. 'Couldst thou serve us,' he cried, 'doubt not my gratitude—the most ample reward thy wishes could demand, should be thine.' 'Answer my question, said the old woman, with a faltering voice, 'how is this girl connected with thee, by marriage, or is she thy daughter?' 'Candidly, then,' said Reginald, 'she is my adopted child, and I design to make her my wife.' The old woman trembled—a deep groan burst from her withered bosom, and she covered her face with her hands. 'What means this emotion?' demanded Reginald. 'You knew not her parents?' rejoined the old woman. 'I knew them not.' 'Suppose they were infamous?' 'No matter, Rosa is virtuous!' 'Can you swear this in the face of heaven?' 'I can.' 'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed the old woman, fervently. Her exclamation astonished Reginald, and he eagerly demanded why she seemed so deeply interested. 'The child is mine!' Reginald started—'Horrible!' it cannot be:—Who, and what are

you?' A ghastly smile played on the old woman's features;—'I am now servant to a band of robbers, but I was not always the wretch you see me—I dare not reveal more—another time—but pray tell me where, and when did you meet with Rosa.' Reginald related every circumstance. 'In the forest, say you?' cried the woman; 'how miraculous!' And when Reginald spoke of the desolate life he led in the cave, tears trickled down her furrowed cheeks. 'Did she never mention Madam Winderbourn?' 'It was the first person she spoke of—her mother!—could it be you?' 'You may believe it, but we must talk of things more important. I will release you from this place, if you will permit me to accompany you.' Reginald hesitated; he feared that the old woman's assertion might be fabricated; but when she repeated to him every particular of the child's dress, and mentioned the mark on Rosa's arm, by which she had recognised her, his doubts were, in a great measure, removed, and the desire of escaping surmounting every other consideration, he agreed to her proposal. Midnight was the time fixed on for their deliverance, and Reginald impatiently awaited her fulfilment of her promise. At the appointed hour, his prison door was thrown open, and Rosa threw herself into his arms; Alphonso too, pressed forward to embrace him. 'Oh, my dear sir!' cried Rosa, 'What a discovery; but what are your sentiments now

towards your poor girl?—can this woman be my mother?' 'She asserts herself to be such,' said Reginald, 'and we cannot disprove it; but she has proved herself our friend, at least, and we have yet much to learn before we can decide.' 'I know not how it is,' said Rosa, sighing; 'but a secret antipathy which I cannot account for, checks the impulse of nature. Anxious as I was to know my parents, the discovery now gives me more pain than pleasure.' In a few minutes, they were joined by Madam Winderbourn.—'All is well,' said she, 'we must now escape without delay. The robbers are all safe.' Alphonso shuddered with horror: 'Is it possible you can wear that calm and satisfied mein, after the perpetration of such a deed; though they are robbers, my heart recoils at the idea of murder.' 'In the present case,' said Madam Winderbourn, drawing her hood, which she always wore, closer over her eyes; 'Murder has not been necessary; at supper, I mixed a powerful soporific in their wine, and the whole party are in a sleep, as deep almost as that of death. When we are safe beyond their reach, it will be at your option, signor, whether you will deliver them up to the hands of justice, or suffer them to continue their depredations on the public.' 'Assuredly, I will,' said Reginald, 'but let us away while we are safe: I see you have been provident in securing our arms.' 'Whither are you bound?' asked Madam

Winderbourn. 'To a castle some leagues from hence, but I think it best now to return to the cottage.' This being agreed on, Madam Winderbourn led them to the stable, from which they supplied themselves with horses, and without further delay departed.

The good Arnold and his family were surprised and delighted at the unexpected return of their friends. After they had related their adventure, Arnold was dispatched to the next town to give information to the police, and in a few days the forest was cleared of this infamous band of depredators: Reginald then proposed setting out for the chateau, and requested Madam Winderbourn to furnish herself with apparel suitable to the situation she must hold in his family. 'Alas!' said she, 'it is not possible for me to hold a respectable station in society: all I have to request of you, is, that you will use your interest to procure me admission into a convent, where, in peace and penitence, I may end my wretched life.' Reginald and Rosa offered to oppose this resolution, and intreated her to relate the occurrences of her life. 'You know not what you ask,' said she, 'The story I have to relate will prove, I fear, fatal to your peace; and, but that *it must be told*, it should be buried in my breast for ever: promise, however, that you will do as I require of you.—I must have your promise.' Her features seemed convulsed with a-

gony—her whole frame shook; and Rosa was obliged to support her, while Reginald promised most solemnly to comply with her request. She then rose slowly from her seat, tottered towards Reginald, and falling at his feet, threw back her hood—"Gaze on these features," she cried, "does not a trace remain of what was once beheld with rapture:—has infamy and misery so completely deformed my countenance, that you know not Julia?" "Heaven and earth!" cried Reginald, "can this be?—When shall I find peace?" With a frantic arm he seized his sword, but was withheld by Alphonso, who restrained his fury, and used every gentle persuasion to controul his rage and indignation. The wretched cause of all his misery remained senseless on the ground: Arnold and Rosa assisted her to a bed, and soon succeeded in restoring her to recollection. 'It is all over,' said she, 'I see a deep-rooted abhorrence is fixed in his heart. Oh, shield me from his wrath, and hide me in the bowels of the earth! I will never see him more—the lightning of his eye would blast me. Yet still I have a consolation; Providence has brought us this once together, to prevent a most dreadful event—an union of sin and horror. Rosa, Rosa, fall on your knees, and adore that mysterious power which has disclosed to you the secret of your birth.—That Reginald is your father!' Rosa clasped her hands with rapturous emotion, she rushed wildly from

the chamber.—she flew to Reginald, and clasping his knees, bedewed his hands with tears.—‘I feel, I feel I am your child;’ she cried, ‘Oh, my father! do not turn away from me with disgust. Your frown will kill me. Though you hate her who gave me birth, I am innocent—you cannot hate your Rosa!’ Reginald’s rage was calmed. A soft sensation of paternal love subdued the stronger passions, he caught her in his arms, and wept over her. ‘How could I mistake my feelings?’ said he, ‘Nature ever pleaded for you, my Rosa; ever welcome shalt thou be to a wretched father’s heart: but thy mother, girl, let me not think of her—distraction would be the consequence.’

‘Oh, dreadful fate!’ cried Rosa, ‘to shudder at the name of a mother. What can I say?—How can I dare to plead?’

‘She surely cannot hope to be reconciled; she must not be so presumptuous.’

‘Ah, no!’ replied Rosa, ‘she is now busy with her pen, to make you acquainted with the events of her past life; when that painful task is completed, she claims your promise to place her in a convent, and there, without daring to ask one parting look, it is her intention to quit you forever.’ ‘It must be so,’ said Reginald, musing: I will write immediately to the superieure of St. Sidwell’s abbey, and procure her admission. Bring the paper

to me when it is finished.’ Rosa returned to her mother’s chamber; she found the guilty penitent in a state of nervous irritation, which gave symptoms of a fever. She called Rosa to her with tenderness—‘Child, said she, ‘would thy pure soul shrink from an embrace? not all the pangs inflicted by remorse, shame, or a tormenting conscience, can equal the anguish of a mother who feels herself the object of abhorrence to her own offspring. My very heart’s blood would I now voluntarily yield to obtain one kiss of affection; but it cannot be—I feel it cannot be.’ Rosa trembled almost to fainting, and fell into her mother’s arms, agonized beyond description. ‘Poor child!’ cried Julia, ‘I have distressed thee too much; this parting embrace, and I will exert every faculty to act this last scene with becoming resolution. Go, Rosa, sweet innocent! may Heaven’s blessing be on thee, and the prayers of a wretched sinner avail!—Go, child, go; the scene will be too shocking—go, go, go—’

Rosa took the paper which her mother held towards her, and pressing her hand, as if with an assurance of pity and forgiveness, quitted the room, and returned to her father, repeating to him what had passed, and presenting the letter, he instantly unclosed it, and read as follows:

[To be concluded next week.]



MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE
INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued from P. 88.)

IT was in vain that I assured him I never could return his affection, and threatened, if he persevered in tormenting me, to tell his aunt; for my dislike, instead of repelling, seemed to augment his passion, and at length he became absolutely hateful to my sight. Instead of occasionally spending a week or a fortnight at the castle, he made it his constant place of abode, so that in fact I had not any respite: for he would never suffer me to be one moment alone. My benefactress had been ill, and was ordered to ride out double, which she used to do every evening and morning; and during these excursions, I always made a point of locking myself up in my own apartment until I saw her return.

A letter, however, was delivered one morning at breakfast to this designing young man, which he perused with evident emotion, and then presented it to his aunt. Lady Charlotte, after reading it, exclaimed, "You cannot hesitate a moment! order the horses to

be saddled, and fly to your friend's relief." "My heart," replied Edward, "would lead me to follow your ladyship's counsel, but my purse is drained to its very dregs." Lady Charlotte instantly arose from the table, and opening a writing desk, presented him with an hundred pound note; upon which embracing her hand with the warmest expressions of gratitude, he hurried out of the room, for the purpose of making preparations for his journey to London, to perform the last duty which friendship requires.

Previous to Mr. Edward's residence in the castle, I was always in the habit of strolling round the grounds, and visiting the poor in the neighbourhood, who were sustained in great measure by the benevolence of his aunt; but as he always pursued my footsteps, I had for several weeks discontinued my usual walks. Finding myself once more at liberty to gratify my inclination, as soon as Lady Charlotte set out on horseback, I followed her on foot, for the purpose of visiting her humble pensioners, and enquiring into their various wants. A gracious smile greeted me upon entering each humble dwelling: my heart felt emotions of inexpressible delight, and I sat listening to the tales of each grateful cottager, without being sensible of the approach of night. A woodman, whose wife had lived many years with a benefactress, intreated permission to attend me

home ; and we had just reached the gate of the shrubbery, when I found my arms rudely seized, whilst the being on whose support I was depending, was forcibly dragged from me, and bound to a tree. This act of cruelty was performed without a word being uttered by the perpetrators of it, whose countenances were concealed by a piece of black crape ; and so completely was I overwhelmed with terror, that both voice and action totally failed ; and, though at the first moment of the grasp, I uttered a shriek that was penetrating, I had not the power of making the slightest resistance, and was carried into a chaise.

Two of the men jumped in after me, whilst the third mounted a horse which a servant led, and we set off with a greater degree of swiftness than I could have imagined it possible for any carriage to have moved. Stupified as my faculties had been by this unexpected act of violence, I regained sufficient composure to ask what it meant, but dumbness seemed to have seized my companions, and not a single word escaped their lips. To have made any resistance would have been madness : yet we travelled with such rapidity that I knew the horses must soon be changed ; then I resolved to exert my voice, and implore assistance from the people of the inn where we stopped.

Vain, however, proved the hope

which I had cherished—fresh horses met us upon an extensive plain, and though the moon had arose in cloudless majesty, not a creature but the postilions was to be seen. As my body was entirely free from coercion, I threw down the front glass, and in the most imploring accents besought the drivers to rescue me from the power of these men, and, at the same time, promised their *humanity* any *reward* they should name.

One of my companions instantly called to the servant, and desired to know where the straight waistcoat was, “for her mad fit (said he) is coming on again, and it will save us the trouble of holding her hands.” The straight waistcoat was instantly produced, which convinced the postilions that the story which had been fabricated, was true ; and I might have said with the apostle Paul—*‘I am not mad,’* to eternity, before the assertion would have been believed. I beheld this badge of insane calamity with sensations of horror which no language can paint ; and dropping on my knees before my persecutors, intreated that my person might not be restrained ; when a voice, which I instantly recognised to be that of Edward, assured me that no violence should be used ; and withdrawing the crape at the same moment, he impressed the most ardent kisses upon my hand, declaring that my coldness alone, could have induced him to adopt a measure which his heart condemned.

That I was not in the power of robbers, I had felt a conviction : but I had not the most distant idea that my benefactress's nephew was one of the parties concerned, so completely was his person altered by the dress he had assumed. That he had instigated the measure, I thought at the moment I found myself forced into the chaise, and yet I could not believe he would have had the audacity to appear in the character of a *depredator* upon his *aunt's domains*. I once more threw myself upon my knees before him, and with the pathos of persuasion, intreated him to restore me to my friend, and, at the same time, called Heaven to witness my resolution of never betraying his conduct to his aunt.

'Can you, my beloved Eliza (said he) suppose it possible that I will resign that felicity which I have taken so much pains to enjoy? No, my sweet girl; every desire but *this* I will gratify, and in doing so, feel both *pleasure and delight*; the priest, in less than an hour, will join our destiny, and I will then present you to Lady Charlotte, as my *adored, my beloved wife*.'

'Never! never will I be persuaded to bestow my hand upon a man whom my heart rejects; and if a dagger was held to my bosom, rather than become your wife, I would force it into my breast!'

'Then what say you to becoming my *mistress*? most adorable of

women!' he exclaimed, catching me rudely in his arms, and embracing me with a violence that roused every indignant feeling of my heart. 'Pardon this excess of love, beautiful Eliza, (said he, dropping upon his knees.) I will be all you wish—the most submissive of mortals, if you will consent to become my wife; but I now swear by all that is sacred, that I am resolved to gratify the passion you have inspired.' Then pulling out his watch, which the brightness of the moon allowed him to examine, 'We shall arrive at the place of destiny,' said he, 'in less than half an hour. Short as is the time, to me it will appear ages, for the priest is waiting, and an especial licence is prepared. Come, my slow love, the ceremony waits! be comforted: bless me, oh, bless me! with *one gracious smile*.'

I ought to apologize for thus particularizing circumstances, sir, (said the fair narrator) but they are so deeply impressed upon my mind, that in gratifying your wish of hearing my simple history, I could not avoid dwelling upon unconnected parts, or rather upon those which prove the deception of the villain who has destroyed my happiness, and blasted my fame.' Agitation, for a few moments, stopped the power of utterance; but, recovering herself, she pursued her melancholy tale.

'To smile upon the wretch who was in the act of rendering my life life miserable, was impossible: I

burst into a copious flood of tears, which were checked, or rather suspended, by the carriage driving into a large court-yard. That we had been *expected*, was evident, from the lights in the different apartments; a servant in livery opened the chaise door, and an elderly lady received us in an old-fashioned hall. 'My pretty love,' said she, 'you look quite exhausted. Lord bless your little innocent heart; why, I warrant you have been all of a flutter; but a lover, to gain his mistress, would fly over the Alps: a faint heart, you know, never won a fair lady, and the captain was forced to play his cards nicely with his aunt.' A look from the captain silenced our loquacious hostess; he eagerly enquired whether the clergyman had arrived, and whether every thing had been prepared for the ceremony, which was to constitute *him*, my *protector for life*.

Having been answered in the affirmative, he desired refreshments might be brought, and that the man, who presumed to appear under the sacred character of a clergyman, might be introduced. The wretch appeared, clad in a surplice, 'Sir,' said I, throwing myself at his feet; 'I implore you to rescue me from a thralldom which will be the means of embittering every moment of my life: never will I consent to be united to that gentleman, and, at your *peril*, repeat over us the *matrimonial form*.'

'A choice is given to you, my dear young lady,' replied the hypocrite, 'you have, I understand, encouraged this gentleman's love; yet, by one of those caprices to which your sex is liable, you now express an aversion to the object towards whom you once felt the warmest regard. Still he feels the ardency of a tender passion, and by a stratagem, (perhaps unwarrantable) has you now under his command, therefore you have only a few minutes to determine whether you will consent to gratify his passion, or become his *lawful wife*.'

'In one hour I will decide, if I am left to my own reflection;' replied I, in a frantic tone of voice. 'One hour!' exclaimed Edward, 'No, not for a *kingdom* would I consent to wait the elapse of such a period of time! Eliza,' continued he, 'I have too long been trifled with; Will you, or will you not, consent to become my wife? this house is *mine*, every creature in it is at my disposal, and all resistance would be vain; yet to prove the delicacy of my attachment, I am prepared with a *licence* and a priest—say but the word, and we shall be indissolubly united—*reject me*, and prepare for the worst—for, by the Power that made me, I will not sleep until I have gratified my desires.'

My fair historian was here interrupted, by the coachman abruptly opening the door, and exclaiming—"Is your honour ready? for

'the company will not wait ; and I must, as it is, drive as if the devil was behind me, for at the next stage the coaches change.'

'You may drive to the devil if you like it, my good fellow,' said I, smiling ; 'for I shall not get into your coach ; I am too much interested in this lady's story, to leave her until it is brought to a close.'" 'But your honour will lose your fare,' rejoined the coachman, flattering himself, perhaps, that I might meet a second object to interest my feelings upon the road. D—the fare ! I exclaimed, I will run the hazard of any other conveyance ; for at present I am forcibly attracted to this spot, so bring my portmanteau out of your vehicle, and take this to drink this lady's health.

So saying, I presented him with a shilling ; Eliza caught me by the arm, and intreated she might not delay my journey, lest it might be attended with inconvenience to myself. I assured her, however, that the inconvenience would be trifling, as I was a citizen of the world, and had neither mother, wife, or mistress, to call my actions to account. The coachman instantly obeyed my orders, the portmanteau was delivered into the waites's care, and raising my hand to my uninteresting fellow travellers, I intreated Eliza to proceed with her tale ; but she arose from her seat, declaring she could not bear the idea of my incurring an additional expence. 'I am not

quite so poor as you imagine,' said I, shaking a purse tolerably well filled, 'and would lose twenty fares for the gratification of serving a fellow creature in distress.'

[*To be continued.*]

For the Lady's Miscellany.
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THE different seasons of the year have their appropriate amusements. This is that, in which those who have been widely scattered over the country in pursuit of pleasure, re-unite in town, the centre of gaiety and bustle, of splendour and greatness. That variety is a necessary ingredient of pleasure, is a remark which will not be thought over-profound. Every one may recollect amusements which for a time yielded some exquisite delight, but which frequent repetition soon rendered stale. Among mortals, a theatre of more exhaustless enjoyment than the town, cannot possibly be found. Here sparkles whatever is brilliant, here exists whatever is magnificent, and here is enjoyed whatever human ingenuity has invented for entertainment or instruction. But from this theatre, we flee into the country under the pretence of indulging the delights of solitude, and the fascinations of rural scenes ; when neither solitude nor rural scenes delight or fascinate us, but when we only seek to relieve languor by novelty, and restlessness by change of

place. Some take advantage of the vernal months, to visit their rustic relations, and astonish them with accounts of their importance in the city. Others travel to Ballston, to renovate their energy, exhausted by the toils of the winter. In short, the beau-monde disperse over the plains with designs infinitely various, expanding courtesy among the rustic, and illumination among the ignorant. They teach manners to the rude, and wisdom to the simple; and it is to be hoped, will in time effect great reformation among those who inhabit beyond the mountains. The life of the swain must needs be insufferably insipid, or rather beyond name, calamitous, in the opinion of those whose minds have been irradiated by a residence in the metropolis, where human genius has given birth to whatever is sublime in intellect, or immense in matter. They must feel unspeakably superior to those untaught men who spend their days in the vulgarities of farming, and a philanthropic warmth for the number of the species who undergo the ignoble fatigues of manual labour. When attending the rural sports of these illiterate folk, the bloods receive infinite gratification in observing the unstylish decorations of person, the absurd management of ceremonies, the vast incommodiousness of their ball-rooms, and the excruciating notes of their fiddles. Alas! benighted race! ignorant of those things, without which, there is no happiness!

The knights and ladies return to town, vigorous and blooming with a great requisition of health and beauty. In their excursions, they have treasured up an exhaustless fund of anecdote, wisdom, and wit, which take a whole winter to retail, and if printed, the stories of each would fill many volumes. Groves and lawns, woods and mountains, through which they have journeyed, are apt to give the ladies a romantic turn, and fill their conversation with fragrance and flowers and waterfalls. These pleasures of imagination do not prevent them from joining in those which are real: forthwith they prepare themselves for the winter campaign. The sun has left us, to shine with more resplendent majesty in other climes. The plains are stripped of their enchanting green, the trees lose their verdant foliage, the songsters of the grove have departed to some more genial abode, and the northern wind shrieks thro' the forest. As the face of nature presents nothing but a melancholy waste, and cheerless gloom, we naturally associate together, and seek festivity from concourse. I shall attempt to display, in another essay, the various superiority of the town over the country.

ANTHONY THISTLE.

New-York, Dec. 7, 1807.

For the Lady's Miscellany.
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MR. EDITOR,

As your miscellany is supremely devoted to the ladies, I know

you will be willing to give publicity to any of their grievances. I consider you as their guardian in the community, whose duty it is to lift the voice of condemnation against whatever they find an inconvenience, incommmodity, or offence. Conquered by the irresistible solicitations of the fair, I come forward (and from you, Mr. Editor, I demand all necessary aid, support, and comfort) to remonstrate against the uncleanly and pestiferous practices of chewing tobacco, and smoking cygarrs. My young misses have declared to me their unalterable resolve to admit no gentleman in these habits, within five feet of them. Moreover, they are exerting themselves to form an association, in which upon the admission of each member, it is proposed to exact a solemn promise to the above effect. I am really ashamed of the present most discourteous generation, who cannot be prevailed on by the lovely eloquence of the other part of the species, but whose unobsequous contumacy drives them to such extremities. Could the renowned hero of la Mancha rise from his grave, what an age would he take this to be! Doubtless he would make use of his invincible prowess, in favour of the injured fair, and if necessary to effect a reformation, strew disasters very thickly thro' the world.

The gentlemen immediately after making use of their vile tobacco, come into the company of the

ladies with breaths so noxious as to contaminate the atmosphere of the room, and would make them quit it, did not politeness require their presence. But what is quite insufferable, these gentlemen sometimes attempt to whisper in their ears, without considering that their great innate purity and custom of being among perfumes and goodly savours, renders it beyond expression offensive. Then the effects which it has on the constitutions of the beaux, makes it worthy of serious ponder. Few things are oftener observed and bewailed, than that a large number weekly die of the consumption in the city of New York. Of this large number, many are probably indebted for their dissolution to a liberal indulgence of this rank weed. From it three fourths of the men in this populous city have sustained more or less diminution of strength, and pray Mr. Editor, do the ladies desire consumptive and infirm husbands! are not posterity materially concerned in this subject? I will say no more.

Having performed what I promised, I must beg you, Mr. Editor, to bestir yourself in this matter; speak tremendous words to the masculine gender; do all you can for the dear girls, whom I should love most amazingly, were it not for the saucy tricks they are always playing me when I visit them. Sometimes they deprive me of my hat and cane, and have more than once obliged me to walk home

bareheaded, and defenceless! sometimes they spread reports about me of a most mischievous nature. But I believe I have now entitled myself to their smiles, and I hope they will no more jeopardize my person, or obnubilate my fame.

HARRY SCARLET.

New-York, Dec. 9, 1807.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 7.

THE TWO VIZIERS.

A TALE.

A Persian king two viziers had,
And fate unfavouring prov'd,
The sultan and these viziers both
The same fair lady lov'd.

The sultan call'd his palanquin,
And both his fav'rites took
Unto the sage magician, who
Dwelt o'er the silver brook.]

"Magician, hear thy king's resolve;
Thy head shall forfeit be,
Unless thou set these viziers both
From love's dominion free,

"That I unrivall'd may possess!
The lady I adore,
That outward smile and inward curse
I may not witness more;"

The sage magician knew the king
He strictly must obey;
The sage magician knew his head
Must for the failure pay.

This learn'd inchanter did to voice
And feature give good heed,
He knew the master lines that to
The master passions lead.

He on the fav'rites fix'd his eye
With penetrating look;
He read their passions, tempers, thro'ts;
As in a printed book.

Then rubs his brow and muses o'er
The king's severe command—
He calls—a lovely maid appears,
None fairer in the land.

He to the vizier Selim turns;
"Be this thy fav'rite fair,
Nor blush to own how flexible
Thy easy passions are.

"Go, nymph, employ thy power to
charm,
Thou'lt aim a happier dart;"
He turn'd upon the other then,
And stabb'd him to the heart.

"I dar'd not trifle, mighty prince,
"Thine anger to endure;
This vizier lov'd, and all the world
Contain'd no other cure."

LOUIS XV. at the age of sixteen, was as deficient in gallantry as he was ridiculous for too much of it at fifty. He wept when informed of his intended marriage with the young and handsome Infanta of Spain; and nothing was capable of comforting him till he was assured that he was not to live with her for a long time to come. On her arrival in France, the king went as far as Bourg la Reine to meet her. He embraced her without saying a word, and returned to Paris to receive her at the Louvre. There he still maintained profound silence, which caused the young princess to say, that the king was handsome, but he had nothing more to say than her doll.

SENECA says, that in his time the women wore no less than three pearls in each ear, of such extraordinary value, that the smallest was worth an ample patrimony. Their vanity in this particular was carried to such a pitch that their very shoes were bordered with them. Pearls were always considered by the ancients as one of the most valuable productions of nature. They not only formed part of the dress of the rich, but, from a refinement in luxury, truly ridiculous, they were served at entertainments as an uncommon delicacy. Every one is acquainted with the extravagance of Cleopatra, that crowned courtesan, who laid a wager with Anthony that she would consume alone, at a single supper, ten millions of sesterces, about eighty thousand pounds sterling. She actually began with swallowing a pearl worth half that sum, which she had dissolved in vinegar. She was going to do the same with a second, when Plancus, the umpire, seized the pearl, and declared that Anthony had lost. After this too celebrated princess had fallen into the hands of the conqueror, this second pearl was cut, and made into two ear-pendants for the Venus of the Pantheon. Thus the half of a supper for this courtesan served to decorate a goddess. Cleopatra and her lover did not however bear away the palm in this kind of insensate luxury. The son of the tragedian Esopus Claudius, whose father had left him immense wealth, furnished an example of this scandalous

magnificence; and the action of the player was greater, if that epithet may be applied to such actions, since it was not provoked by a wager. Claudius wished to have the glory of being the first that tried the taste of pearls; he thought it wonderful fine, and that he might not enjoy the pleasure alone, he caused one to be served to each of his guests who were at his table.

THE Farmer-general Bouret, possessed the secret of being continually embarrassed, notwithstanding his immense riches. At his death he was but a step from actual indigence. He left debts to the amount of five millions of livres, and died almost insolvent. A splendor and luxury of which it is impossible to form any conception, had reduced him to this condition. He carried this extravagance to such a pitch as to feed a cow with young pease at 150 livres (7*l.* sterling), a quart, to furnish a regale for a woman who fed on nothing but milk.

A lady of much good sense was told that her husband paid court to several handsome women, I don't care, replied she, if my husband sends his heart abroad all day, provided he brings it back to me at night.

Moliere said, Contempt is a pill which may be swallowed, but which it is impossible to chew without making wry faces.

Dr. J. Reid observes, in the last Medical Journal, that "The slightest nervous affection is a *degree* of insanity—from its nascent state, to its more full and perfect growth, the progress is so gradual, as scarcely to be perceived. The shade of melancholy slowly and solemnly advances over the surface of the mind, until at length it produces a total eclipse of the understanding."

To the Ed. of the Lady's Miscellany.
Sir,

Be so obliging as to insert the following Definition of a Husband by his Wife, in your miscellany, and you will oblige your humble servant,

SOLUS.

THIS lady composed the following vocabulary to express the character of a husband, from her own experience, and which proves how copious our language is on that article:—He is, said she, an abhorred, abominable, acrimonious, angry, arrogant, austere, awkward, barbarous, bitter, blustering, boistering, boorish, brawling, brutal, bullying, capricious, captious, careless, cholerick, churlish, detestable, disagreeable, discontented, disgusting, dismal, dreadful, drowsy, dry, dull, envious, execrable, fastidious, fierce, fretful, froward, frumpish, furious, grating, gross, growling, gruff, grumbling, hard-hearted, hasty, hateful, hectoring, horrid, huffish, humoursome, illiberal, ill-natured, implacable, inattentive, incorrigible, inflexible, injurious, insolent, intractable, irascible, ire-

ful, jealous, keen, loathsome, maggoty, malevolent, malicious, malignant, maundering, mischievous, morose, murmuring, nauseous, nefarious, negligent, noisy, obstinate, obstreperous, odious, offensive, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, passionate, peevish, pervicacious, perverse, perplexing, pettish, petulant, plaguy, quarrelsome, queasy, queer, raging, restless, rigid, rigorous, roaring, rough, rude, rugged, saucy, savage, severe, sharp, shocking, sluggish, snappish, snarling, sneaking, sour, spiteful, splenetic, squeamish, stern, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, tantalizing, tart, teasing, terrible, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, uncomfortable, ungovernable, unpicturesque, unsuitable, uppish, vexatious, violent, virulent, waspish, worrying, wrangling, wrathful, yarring, yelping dog in a manger, who neither eats himself, nor will let others eat.

THE YOUNG ROCIUS.

MASTER BETTY, says a late London paper, will, at the close of his present engagement, quit the stage, for the purpose of being placed under the private tuition of the rev. Mr. Butler, a gentleman who ranks high among scholars, and for whose celebrated edition of *Æchylus*, the father of the Greek Drama, the learned world are looking with much impatience,

EXTRAORDINARY SPEED.

A Match was lately run in England, by a Mr. Winderbourn Webster, who undertook, for a wager of 600 guineas, to ride a favourite horse from Ipswich to London, a distance 70 miles, in five hours. The judges of the power of horses considered the wager as a certain loss, and consequently the odds ran high against the performance. Mr. Webster commenced his journey from Ipswich, and the sporting circles lined the road from the metropolis, anxiety having never been more strongly excited. The animal run the first twenty miles in one hour and ten minutes, when the rider halted for a few minutes, and gave the horse a potion of wine and water. The animal had to perform fourteen miles an hour at starting, and kept on at a running rate the whole distance. Whitechappel church was the extent of the journey, at which place the horse and rider arrived in four hours and fifty minutes! Mr. Webster rides about nine stone.

MARRIED,

At Harlem, on Saturday evening last, by Dr. Romaine, Mr. Charles W. Gordon, of this city, to Miss Catharine Molenaar, daughter of Wm. Molenaar, esq.

Same evening by Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Elam Williams, to Miss Eliza Teneyck.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Wm. B. Ludlow, to Miss Julia Sarah

Morris, eldest daughter of R. Morris, esq.

On Sunday at S. Van Brakels, Monmouth County, N. J. Mr. David Bowne, to Miss Margaret Morgan, daughter of Gen. James Morgan, of South Amboy.

At Newport, R. I. Wm. Moore, Esq. of that place, to Miss Harriet Gibbs, of this city.

.....

— all that live must die,
Passing thro' nature to eternity.

DIED,

On Tuesday evening, after a lingering illness, which he bore with unexampled fortitude, Master Washington De La Marck, aged 13 years, son of Madam De La Marck, of this city.

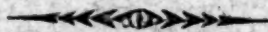
He died a faithful mirror of consummate virtues.

On Sunday evening, Mr. Andrew Richardson, aged 52.

On Saturday, Mrs. Catharine Roosevelt, wife of C. C. Roosevelt, esq.

At his seat, in Virginia, Col. Wm. Nelson a worthy man and a brave soldier during the revolutionary war.

At Pittsburgh, Alexander Addison, esq. President of the Court of Common Pleas.



TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum....payable one in advance.

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR, By inserting the following verses in your justly esteemed miscellany, you will oblige a friend and subscriber.

TO R****E, IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR absent FRIEND,—with virtue
bless'd,
Of all that's good and great possess'd ;
What gay contrivance shall I find
To cheer thy happy, lovely mind ;
To chase thy pensive hours away,
And bid thy solitude be gay ?

You bid me write, for verse you cry,
Can raise the soul to soar on high,
Can every rapt'rous joy impart,
And pleasingly improve the heart.

All this, dear friend, I freely grant,—
But ease and solitude I want ;
I want those calm delights that raise
The raptur'd soul to lofty lays.

From me can tuneful numbers flow,
Whose harass'd thoughts no respite
know ?
From me whom anxious cares perplex,
And never ending labours vex,
Confin'd in town, tormenting pain !
Where hurry, noise, and, nonsense
reign ?

Now call'd perhaps away in haste,
To attend a matrimonial feast,
And join some venal-hearted pair,
Who make not love but wealth their
care,
Slight the pure union's nobler ends,
And marry—just to please their friends.

From thence in turn, alas ! I go,
And view sad poverty and woe ;
And taught by what I thus survey,
I moralize the hours away.

Can these excite that heavenly fire
Which must the poet's song inspire ?
No—the gay sons of Phœbus love
The silent thick-embow'ring grove,
To lie beside the limpid spring,
And hear the wood-born warblers sing,
To wander o'er sequester'd scenes,
Or tread the flower-enamelled plains,
Or near a cowslip bank reclin'd
To catch the fragrance from the wind ;
Of noise and crowds, and cares afraid,
High rapt in solitude and shade.

EDWIN.

New-York, Dec. 1807.

LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY.

PERMIT, mild maid, my pen to pour,
To you its humble praise ;
Again to tell thee I adore,
In truth's unpolish'd lays.

To paint each charm I'll not employ
The fulsome flattering line ;
Thy mind would spurn the worthless
toy,
Where sense and virtue shine.

But every soft and gentle grace,
Belong lov'd maid, to you ;
Thy image time can ne'er efface,
Where love each feature drew.

And in my heart thy form doth live,
My every thought's of thee ;
Oh ! dearest girl, then deign to give
A smile of hope to me.

J. M. L.

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